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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce E. P. Clarke as a candidate for Sheriff of Bourbon County, with Albert S. Thompson and Wm. F. Talbott as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Harvey Hibler as a candidate for Sheriff of Bourbon County, with Brutus J. Clay, Jr., and James Burke as deputies, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

BOOK REVIEW BY CAPT. J. R. ROGERS.

The eighteenth publication of the Filson Club, a club established in 1884 for the purpose of collecting and preserving the history of Kentucky, the biography of her citizens and the traditions of her pioneers, is "The Battle of the Thames," by Colonel Bennett H. Young; John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, Ky., publishers.

Gloom, defeat, surrender and massacre were the appalling concomitants which marked the year 1812 in the war with Great Britain on the Canadian frontier. The Secretary of War had called on Governor Scott for 5,000 volunteers and they had gallantly responded in excess of that number. The lofty, patriotic spirit of Kentucky was aroused as never before and the dauntless determination to avenge the blood of kindred fallen in disaster, but not in dishonor, prompted an enthusiastic response in excess of every call made by the Government, and to her everlasting glory be it affirmed that in the campaign on the Canadian frontier she furnished more troops than all the States, all the Territories and the United States army combined.

The brains and the brawn, the character and chivalry of the State, under the leadership of brave Isaac Shelby, then Governor of the State, the hero of Kings Mountain, the first overwhelming victory in the South in Continental annals, assembled at Newport, Ky., and marching across the State of Ohio, reported to General Harrison on Portage river. Leaving their horses with the camp guard (excepting Col. R. M. Johnson's regiment) the troops were transported across Lake Erie and the effort began to overtake Proctor and Tecumseh on Canadian soil. After a forced march of an hundred miles the fleeing British and Indians were compelled to halt and assume a position of defense at a point possessing great natural strength and strategic advantage. Colonel Young's brilliant, eloquent, pathetic words aptly describe the heroic mission of the "Forlorn Hope."

"There twenty men with Colonel R. M. Johnson, under the pioneer, William Whitley, at once advanced to the front. At the command 'Forward, march!' they quickly and calmly rode to death. They were not unwilling victims to war's savage sacrifices. They understood and realized the dangerous and deadly mission upon which they were bent. Six hundred comrades rode behind, but were partially removed from danger.

"This noble vanguard was the cynosure of all eyes, and their fellows watched with almost stilled hearts to hear the signal guns, which meant wounding and death to those twenty men, who were daring so much and who were ready to receive into their own hearts and bodies the leaden hail, which in an instant all knew must be emitted from the ambush into which, with open eyes, steady minds and unblanched cheek, this gallant band was now so bravely pushing.

"Fifteen hundred savages, with cocked rifles at their shoulders and fingers on the triggers, were waiting and watching only a few yards away behind trees, fallen logs and thick underbrush, with the silence of assassins, longing for the word which should order them to pour death's missiles into the chivalrous synodron which, with absolute fearlessness, was seeking them in their lair. Into their minds came memories of those they loved half a thousand miles away in peaceful Kentucky homes. Years these heroes lived in the few

seconds required to pass the narrow space between them and their foes. Before their eyes came images of those dearer than life itself. Wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts seemed to be gazing at them from every side, and with affection's instinct they almost reached out to touch those imaginary forms which hovered about them.

"In this supreme moment they could hear, tender voices calling, they could feel the imprint of love's kiss upon their lips and catch the brave words spoken at parting four months before, when they started at their country's call to face danger and if need be death in her service. But all these only urged them forward in duty's path and gave them calmer and nobler purposes in the conflict which was now upon them. Seconds were transformed into years.

"The suspense was brief. A loud, clear, savage voice rang out the word 'Fire!' The sharp crackling of half a hundred rifles was the response, and then the deafening sound of a thousand shots filled the air. The smoke concealed those who fired the guns, but the murderous effect was none the less terrible. Of the twenty men only one escaped unhurt or failed to be unhorsed. A mass of fallen, struggling horses, a company of wounded, dying men lay side by side. Of the twenty fifteen were dead or to die. The "Forlorn Hope" had met its fate. Its mission was to receive the fire of the savages, when their fellows and comrades might safely charge upon the red men with their guns unloaded. Its purpose had been faithful. It had been annihilated, but its members had magnified Kentucky manhood and written in the life blood of three-fourths of its members a story of courage and sacrifice which would live forever."

General Harrison, discovering the British regulars in open order, after the lines of the enemy had been developed, gave the order to Colonel Johnson to charge. For the manner in which it was so heroically executed I quote the graphic words of the author:

"Amid hurried movements and while the spirit of the men was thrilled to the enthusiastic joy which ever fills a true warrior's breast at battle's eve, the command 'Forward! Charge!' rang out on the oppressive stillness which surrounded the expectant host. Hardly had the horses begun to move when another cry, terrible in its intensity and with foreboding wrath in its tone, filled the space overshadowed by the mighty monarchs of the forest. From the stalwart throats of nearly six hundred Kentuckians there arose the cry:

"Remember the Raisin!" "As they lifted this mighty shout to heaven they saw about them the murdered forms of their murdered comrades and friends and relations. They beheld the bedizened, painted savages, with barbarous cruelty, strike their wounded foes and cast their bodies, when dead or writhing, into the flames to be consumed. They remembered the bones of their fellow-citizens scattered along the river and the fields and woods adjacent thereto, and before them there arose visions of those fleshless skeletons which seven days before they had for the second time committed to mother earth on the battlefield of the River Raisin.

"The galloping columns caused the earth to shake and the great beeches to vibrate as men and horses maddened with the excitement of battle, crowded, shouted and rushed to the conflict. The very boughs and leaves of the overshadowing trees swayed and trembled as if keeping time to the cadence of war's weird, strange and frenzied notes. They avenging warriors, catching the enthusiasm and delirium of combat, rose high in their stirrups and plunging their spurs into the flanks of their chargers, as they approached the enemy still more furiously, waved their guns aloft and with their voices, made stronger and stronger by the excitement of their impetuosity, cried the more vehemently, 'Remember the Raisin! Remember the Raisin!'

"No human power could resist such an assault. The red coats of the Forty-first British gave way. The second line, one hundred yards behind, fared no better. The Kentucky horsemen were invincible. No sooner had they passed the second line than, wheeling about, they sprung to the ground and with deadly aim poured their fire into the fear-stricken infantry, who in their terror begged for mercy and implored pity, which at Raisin and Meigs they had denied the friends and brothers of the men who had now defeated them, and before whom they knelt as suppliants for mercy."

This rhythmic, exquisite portraiture of a charge is simply perfect in delineation. What writer of renown excels it? Devoted to his chosen profession, of which he is conspicuous, he yet finds time to delve in prehistoric mounds, seeking recreation in pioneer lore and to his ready pen is justly due this most elegant tribute to the rank and file of that

heroic era. The book is most attractive with its broad margins, untrimmed edges and moving spirits, with pictures of Harrison, Shelby, Crittenden, Payne, McDowell, the Johnson brothers, Barry, Allen, Henry and Trotter. Illustrations of English, American and Indian implements of war, the battlefield staff and the mound where Kentucky heroes lie buried, no stone to mark their sacred dust; a sketch of Commodore Perry and the names of Kentuckians now known to have been with him in the battle of Lake Erie. There are monographs of Desha, King, Caldwell, Adair, Chiles, Walker, Calloway, Wickliffe, McAfee, Tecumseh and William Whitley, who let the "Forlorn Hope" and died with it.

The name of every Kentuckian in the battle is given, company, regimental and brigade organization, including two companies from Bourbon, commanded by Captains Hutchison and Matson.

"Nor shall you long be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps."

JAMES R. ROGERS.

PURELY PERSONAL.

William Winter, dean of New York dramatic critics, said recently of Jefferson's Rip: "The secret of its supremacy is not obscure. It has bewitched the world for the simple reason that it has successfully applied the method of poetic treatment to common things. That is easily done—when you happen to be able to do it—but you will not accomplish it unless you were born with the faculty of the poet."

W. S. Gilbert, formerly of Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera fame, wrote as follows to a London newspaper recently: "There is a line in your issue of May 15 that must have sent a thrill of joy through many a worthy home. I refer to the line in an article headed 'A Naval Battle,' in which I am referred to as the 'late W. S. Gilbert.' I am always sorry to spoil sport, but common candor compels me to admit (reluctantly) that I am still alive."

Louis Hasselriis, the Danish sculptor, will make the statue which is to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the first printed edition of "Hamlet." Danish scholars and literati took the lead in the movement for a monument to Shakespeare, which will be erected in or near Elsinore. Queen Alexandra of England, a Dane by birth, has taken a deep interest in the project, and other royalties, including her parents, are also giving aid.

James McNeill Whistler's portrait of Carlyle is owned by the corporation of Glasgow. Shortly after it was finished a committee from the corporation visited Mr. Whistler, intending to purchase the wonderful painting. They wanted to know about the price, which the artist had announced as 1,000 guineas. "Didn't you know the price before you came here?" asked Whistler, blandly. "Oh, yes, we knew, but—" "Then let's talk about something else," interrupted Whistler. The canny Scots bought the picture and—trust them—got a bargain.

When President Roosevelt was in Sharon Springs, Mo., a countryman stepped up and said to a member of the president's party: "What's the president?" Mr. Roosevelt, scenting something good, said: "Do you wish to see him particularly?" "I never seen but one president in my life, an' of course, I would like to see him on g'nral principles," replied the countryman. "But what I want to see is this one fur mos' particular is to see if he's got them squirrel teeth the papers say he has." And then and there the president displayed his "squirrel" teeth in the broadest of grins. "Gosh, ter blazes, you're the feller," said the man, as he hurried away.

ALL SORTS.

The famous palace occupied by the late George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, which cost him over \$1,000,000, is to be transformed into an apartment house.

Mrs. Oscar Lasigi, of Boston, is having built at Clovercroft, her summer estate in the Berkshires, one of the finest exhibitions of landscape gardening in the United States.

The former home of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan in Washington, which was presented to him by admirers throughout the country, has been sold by his widow, the price being \$35,000.

Mrs. Amy Corbin, of Phoenix, R. I., who has just celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday anniversary, has never been beyond the boundaries of her little native state and has not been in Providence since the war of 1812.

Pierre Loti does not believe that there will ever be a real understanding between Europe and China. In his last volume, which describes his experiences during the late war, his refrain is, "China will always remain a riddle to us."

Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, second daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, will publish a book of poems some time next fall. She is said to have inherited a good deal of poetic fire from her distinguished father, who is generally regarded as considerably the best Irish poet of the last half century.

The harvest of this year in the Argentine republic is unprecedented. Exact data cannot yet be obtained, but the best estimates show that the crop of corn (maize) will be approximately 3,500,000 tons, of which 1,000,000 tons will be retained for home consumption and for seed, leaving for export 2,500,000 tons.

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